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**The Ethiopian
harmonist**

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THE ETHIOPIAN HARMONIST.



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THE
ETHIOPIAN
HARMONIST.



UNCLE NED.

I once knew a nigger, his name was
Uncle Ned,

But he's gone dead long ago ;
He'd got no wool on the top of his
head,

In the place where the wool ought
to grow.

Hand up the shovel and the hoe,
Lay down the fiddle and the bow ;
There's no more work for poor old
Ned,

He's gone where the good nig-
gers go.

His nails where as long as the cane
in the brake,

He had no eyes for to see,
He had no teeth to eat the oat cake.
So he let the oat cake be.

Hand up the shovel, &c.
On a cold frosty morning this nig-
ger he died.

In the church-yard they laid him
low ;

And the niggers all said that they
were afraid,

His like they never should know.
Hand up the shovel, &c.

THE ETHIOPIAN HARMONIST.

Susannah don't you cry.

I'm going to Alabama,
Wid my banjo on my knee,
And I'm going from Lousiana,
My true-love for to see;
rained all night the day I left,
The weather was so dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death
Susannah don't you cry.

Oh! Susannah don't you cry for me,
I'm going to Alabama, wid my
banjo on my knee.

I jump'd on board de Telegraph.
And floated down de river,
De electric spark it magnified,
And killed five hundred nigger.
De bulgine bust, de horse run off,
I really thought I'd die,
I shut my eyes to hold my breath—
Susannah don't you cry.

I had a dream de oder night,
When every ting was still,
I thought I saw Susannah,
Coming down the hill,
De buck-wheat cake was in her mouth
De tear was in her eye,
Says I, my lub, I'm from the South,
Susannah don't you cry.

Now when I get to New Orleans,
I mean to look around,
And if I see Susannah,
I'll fall down on de ground,
But if dat she is married,
De nigger will surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried.
Susannah don't you cry.

I jumped into the railway train,
And got to Louisana;
The very first nigger gal I saw,
Was my sweet Susannah.

I kissed and hugged her very much,
She said, Sambo! O fie!
I said, I will not hurt you,
So Susannah don't you cry.

The next day we were married,
And de niggers did jump with joy,
And in less than twelve months after.
We had a little boy;
He's the picture of his daddy,
The nurse did say to me,
And to complete the likeness,
He's got a banjo on his knee.

Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me,
The picanninny's come to town wid
a banjo on his knee.

Carry me back to Ole Virginny

Oh, if I was only young again,
I'd lead a different life;
I'd save my money, buy a farm,
And take Dinah for my wife.
But now old age he holds me tight,
And my limbs are growing sore;
Den carry me back to Ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

Now ebery day de world goes round,
And pleasures from us run;
Oh, wouldn't I lead a happy life
If I was only young.
But now I am so feeble grown,
I cannot work any more,
Den carry me back to Ole Virginny,
To Ole Virginny shore.

Oh, when I'm dead and gone to rest,
Lay de banjo by my side;
Let de possum and 'coon to de fu-
neral go,
For dey were my only pride.
In soft repose I'll take my sleep,
And I'll dream for eber more;
Den carry me back to Ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

ETHIOPIAN HARMONIST.

Mary Blane.

I once did lub a pretty gal—
 I lub'd her as my life,
 She came fro n Lousiana,
 And I made her my dear wife.
 At home we lib'd so happy,
 Oh, free from grief and pain,
 But in de winter time of year,
 I lost my Mary Blane.

Oh, fare de well poor Mary Blane,
 One feeling heart bids thee adieu—
 Oh, fare de well, poor Mary Blane,
 We'll neber meet again.

I went into de woods one day,
 To hunt among the cane,
 De white man came unto my house,
 And took poor Mary Blane;
 It grieb me berry much to tink,
 No hope I entertain,
 Of eber seeing my dear gal,
 My own poor Mary Blane.
 Oh, fare de well, &c.

When toiling in de cotton field,
 I cry and say, good bye,
 Unto my broder comrades,
 Dat, oh, soon—oh, soon I die.
 My poor wife gone—I cannot lib
 Amidst dis world ob pain—
 But lay me in the grabe to find
 Out my poor Mary Blane.

Den fare de well, dear Mary Blane,
 Dowe are parted here on earth,
 Oh, fare de well, dear Mary Blane,
 We soon shall meet again.

Walk along John.

Johnny Brock, from Chickalaw,
 De strangest chap I ever saw,
 Put his coat on before his shirt,
 'Cos he has no shirt to wear.

Yar, yar, yar!
 So walk along John, walk along
 John;
 Arn't you bery glad your day's
 work's done.

Boss gave him oats to feed de hoss,
 He eat 'em himself, and march off,
 'What Dobbin had,' said Boss,, you
 flat?

'Noting at all, and not quite dat.'
 Yar, yar, yar!

Walk along, &c.

John took turnips to feed de sheep,
 But gib 'em instead green 'bacca
 leaf:

What you do wid de turnips, you
 hungry glutton?

Why, keep 'em till I get some mut-
 ton.'

Yar, yar, yar!

Walk along, &c.

Boss, going out to a place of note,
 Orders John to beat his coat;
 What do you tink John do dat minit?
 Beat de coat wid de master in it.

Yar, yar, yar!

Walk along, &c.

Johanny lay on de railroad track,
 De engine come straight on his back;
 He didn't cry, nor wince, nor whine,
 But cried, 'Do dat again you'll hurt
 my spine.'

Yar, yar, yar!

Walk along, &c.

Boss gave John a pound ob tea,
 A sort of stuff niggers don't often
 see,

Johnny could not make tea by any
 means,

But put it in the pot to boil like
 greens.

Yar, yar, yar!

Walk along, &c.

Boss wop Johnny—he run away
 They ne'er found him, till t'other
 day;

Put him to work in a double gang
 And give cowskin instead of ham,

Yar, yar, yar!

ETHIOPIAN HARMONIST.

The Yaller Busha Belle.

As I walk'd out one moonlight night,
I met a fair maid—her eyes shone
bright,

Her face was so black, you couldn't
see it well,

And she was called de 'Yaller Busha
Belle.'

Says I, 'Young lady, may I walk
wid ye?'

What do you tink was de answer she
gib me?

She say to me, ha, ta,
Go away, black man, don't you come
a'neigh me,

Burn ye we'de a chunk, if I don't
blue die me!

Radink a day, Ra, di, ink a day,—
Nigger see'd her eat a pumkin all
de day.

Dat she should be so dignified, I
didn't care to see,

Kase I am de ansom nigger from de
elbow to de knee,

I never see a yellar girl dat I could
like so well,

So I splash my 'fections on you my
Yaller Busha Belle.

So cum Miss Dinah, may I walk wid
ye,

Still de same answer de lady she
gib me.

SPOKEN.] She says to me in 'zactly
de same tone of voice as before, *only*
different

Go away black man, &c.

We didn't walk much funder, kase
down de rain fell,

So in a minute I put up my cot-
ton umberelle,

'Miss Dinah, now, I axes you to lean
upon dis arm,

An' I pledge my solemn appetite I
don't mean you no harm;

So come, young lady, may I walk
wid ye?'

Dis time a different answer she gib
me

SPOKEN.] You see de rain was
coming down tolerably slick—and
she says—

'Come away, black man, I'll go away
with you now,

Hold up your umbrella, or I'll get
wet thro' now,

Radink a day, &c

We walked along togeder, I don't
know what I said,

But de subject of matrimony cum
into my head,

All dat pass'd between I'm not a-going
to tell,

But de next day I got married to my
Yaller Busha Belle.

Went to a nigger parson, on pur-
pose to be wed,

When he asked de lady's name what
do you tink she said?

Go away, black man, &c.

About twelvemonths after—dat I
t'ought I go wild,

When my yellar girl she gab to me a
little male child,

He was black as any crow, perhaps
just a trifle bigger,

I 'clare I neber saw such a handsome
little nigger;

But my Yaller Busha Belle, my
young and lovely bride,

She didn't live much longer, 'cause
de next day she died.

SPOKEN.] She says to me in a very
lemancholy voice,—

Good bye, blackman, I'm going away
from you now,

Mind the piccaninny if you love me
true now.

Ra, di, ink a day, ra, di, ink a day
I 'clar it nearly broke my heart to
put her in the clay.

Buffalo Girls.

As I went lum'rin down de stree t.
Down de street, down the street,

A ansom gal I chanc'd to meet,
And she was fair to view.

ETHIOPIAN HARMONIST.

Buffalo girls can't ye come out to
night,
Come out to-night, come out to-night,
Buffalo gals can't ye come out to-
night,
And dance by de light ob de moon.

I ax'd her if she'd hab some talk,
Hab some talk hab some talk,
Her feet cubber'd up de ole side walk,
As she stood right by me.

Buffalo girls, &c.

I'd like to make dat dat gal my wife,
Dat gal my wife dat gal my wife,
I should be happy all my life,
If I had her by me.

What Sam- Zone.

In Caroline, ~~where I was~~ born,
I husk de wood and chop de corn;
A roaster ~~eat up the~~ house I bring,
But de ~~quiver~~ cotten ma and he did

Walk, jaw-bone! Janny come along!
In comes Sally wid de bootees on.

De corn ~~as~~ driver ~~from~~ me rob,
And he make me eat de cob;
I chaw de corn ~~until~~ my gums
Stick out like Carolina plums.

Dey take me out on 'tater-hill,
Dey make me dance ~~against~~ my will;
Dey make me dance on sharp-toed
stones;

While ebery driver laughs and
groans.

Dey fasten me up under de barn,
Dey feed me dar on leaves ob corn;
It tickled my digestion so,
Dat I cotch de cholerothy, oh!

Dey took me out to de fence in de vale
And make me ride on de top fence-
rail.

De sharp fence-rail, it split me quite,
But den I ~~admit~~ de rail for spite.

Dey made me a scar-crow in de field
Bnd a buzzard come to get his meal,
But in his face I blowed my breath,
And there was a case for grim Jim

Next come a hungry eagle down,
Oh, gosh! thinks I, dis nigger's done
brown;

But he winked, an' cried, 'I'se de
bird ob de tree,

An' won't eat de meat of slavery.'

Den come a panter from de woods;
He began to tear off my dry goods;
Says I, "Massa wild-puss, you may
fail," (my nail.

So I hook out his eyes wid de toe of

Next come a weasel for my juice,
An' he gnawed till he untied me
loose;

An' den I made off with a quick
An' luf him be without a dram.

Den down de banks I seed a ship;
I slid down dere on de bone ob my hip;
I crossed de drink, and dare I am;
If I go back dare, I'll be dam!

Who's dat knocking at de Door.

I hab just come down on a little bit
ob spree, (gals I come to see,
And I'm very well acquaint wid de
I went to de house but dey was all
gone to bed, (said—

And out of de window a coloured lady
'Who is dat knocking at the door?

Who is dat knocking at the door?
Am dat you Sam?'—'No, it am Jem,'

'Well, you ain't good looking, and
you can't come in,

And dar is no use knocking at de
door any more,

And dar is no use knocking at de door.

'Who's dat knocking at de door?
Making such a noise wid his saucy
jaw?

I'll call de watch and tell dem how
You come down here to kick up a
row.

Who's dat knocking at de door?

Who's dat knocking at de door?

Am dat you Sam?' 'No, it am John,'
'Well, you ain't good looking, and
you can't come along.

And dar is no, &c.

ETHIOPIAN HARMONIST.

Den she open de door, and she let
me in,

And I sat by de fire and I warm my
shin;

In came watchmen two or three,
Saying, 'come along nigger you must
go along wid me.'

'Who am dat knocking at de door?
Who am dat knocking at de door?

Am dat you Sam?'—'No, it am
Harry.'

'Well you ain't good-looking, and
you will had to tarry.

And it's no use, &c.

They took me to de watch-house, and
I stay all night;

And I neber sleep a wink till de broad
daylight,

The day began to break, and de
chicken roar,

And some one kept knocking at de
door.

'Who am dat knocking at de door?

Who am dat knocking at de door?

Am dat you Sam?'—'No it am Jem.'

'Well, you air don't curl, and you
cant come in.

And it's no use, &c.

Dandy Broadway Swell.

You talk ob dandy Niggers, but you
neber saw dis croon,

Perambulating Broadway, on a Sun-
day arfternoon,

'se de sole delight ob yaller gals,
de envy ob de men,

Observe dis Nigger when he turn and
talk ob dandies den,

For I'se de kick, de go, de cheese,
As eb'ry one can tell,

De dark fair sex I'se sure to please,
I'se de Dandy Broadway Swell.

I wears a gold watch guard chain I
bought ob Uncle Peat,

But I left my watch for safety wid
a broker in Bold street;

My linen cuffs and collars too are
beautifully white,

So by gosh I tink dey ought, for I
wash 'em eb'ry night.

I sports a double eye-glass dat I shuts
up in a case,

And wears a black silk cravat, 'kase
it suits the 'spression ob my
face;

Wid gloves and cane, and fancy vest,
French trowseloons and hat,

And grand imperial, dat I cut from
de back ob our old cat.

My new sack coat is padded to make
shoulders broad,

You'd tink I was Beau Brummell you
would, upon my word,

Isometimes wear mustachios too but
I lost 'em toder day,

De wind was high, de glue was bad,
so dey blow'd away.

Dis Nigger's name is Count Julius
Cæsar Mars Napoleon Sinclair
Brown,

De biggest nob, de greatest swell in all
de country round,

So look out gals and mind yourselves,
for when I roll dis eye,

You'll gib a kick, a screech, a groan,
and den fall down and die.

Sandy Boy.

M'Coon he is a mighty man,
He carries a bushy tail,

He steal ole massa corn at night,
And husk it on a rail.

Oh! do come along, my Sandy boy,
Do come along, oh, do!

But what will Uncle Gabriel say,
Oh whar! oh whar! oh whar! oh
whar!

But what would Uncle Gabriel say?
Why Killy can't ye come along
too?

De squirrel hab a bushey tail,
Stumpy grow de hair;

De old coon's tail am ring'd all
round,

De possum's tail am bare.

ETHIOPIAN HARMONIST.

De fox he is a saving ting,
When him takes a notion,
Did eber you see de fox's tail
A sailing on the ocean?

De pig's tail dat am bery short,
Him curl him round an' round,
De ole cow's tail him grow so long,
It drag upon de ground.

De ole pole's got a little tail,
Afore him turn a frog;
Den walk unto de parlour gals
An' take a' glass o' grog.

De mink it hab a mighty grace,
Him ramble in de dark;
De only ting dat 'sturbs his peace
As my ole bull-dog's bark.

De nigger's hair am bery short,
De white man's hair am longer
De white men dey is bery strong
But nigger's dey is stronger.

Dinah Clare.

When I was in Virginny land, I
lub'd one Dinah Clare;
Indeed she was most beautiful, de
fairest of de fair;
And all who saw her liquid eye soon
fell into her snare;
And praised and call'd her beautiful,
de lubly Dinah Clare.
By brooks and streams we wandered,
we had no doubts or fears;
I sang to her my sweetest song, she
gave to me her tears;
And when at night we look'd alone
in de bright starlight air,
The lustre of dem stars was dimm'd
by de eyes of Dinah Clare.

Oh, sweet Dinah Clare,
Oh, sweet Dinah Clare,
Lubly, lubly Dinah Clare.

Sweet Dinah Clare I lubb'd her, and
she I know lubb'd me,
I thought my bride de beautiful Miss
Dinah she would be;

But oh! not so; ah, cruel fate! it
drives me to despair,
Whene'er I think of dat sweet one,
ill-fated Dinah Clare.

Der was one cruel white man, rich,
he saw, den lubb'd her, too,
And tried to gain her gentle heart
from her lubb'd Ginger Blue,
And when he found 'twas all in vain
he dreadful den did swear,
In spite of all her tears he'd have de
gentle Dinah Clare.

Oh, sweet Dinah Clare,
Oh, sweet Dinah Clare,
Lubly, lubly Dinah Clare.

'For long, I dying found her, amid
her tears and cries,
De sweetest voice I eber heard now
stifed with her sighs;
And as she gabe de parting kiss, she
bless'd me wid a prayer,
Den flew de gentle spirit of de gen-
tle Dinah Clare.

And den dey made a grave for her
beneath a shady tree,
When, sleeping in her lubliness, she
quiet dere might be;
And round her grave white flowerets
den dey spread wid niceest
care,
Sweet emblems ob de blighted hopes
ob my lost Dinah Clare.

Oh, sweet Dinah Clare,
Oh, sweet Dinah Clare,
Lubly, lubly Dinah Clare.

*Philadelfy Gals, or, good bye
John.*

I'se from the state of Arkansas,
To hear de sights that can be saw,
But nought make de lips ob my
bosom swell,
Like a peep at de Philadelfy gals.
Philadelfy gals, pretty faces,
Dress'd to to death and trim'd with
laces,
Ankles small, and waist so slender,
Ah! ah! ah! good bye John.

Dere dey come wid dar silks and
satins,

Turn-up hats, and short-legg'd mittins
And for want ob Natur's muscles,
Dey wear double-breasted bustles.
Philadelfy gals, &c.

With handkerchiefs made of white
linen,
Stuck by dar mouths to hide dar
grinnin',
How dey quiz each others clotheses,
How sweetly dey turn up dar noses.
Philadelfy gals, &c.

How dey peep in pictur winders,
Wid eyes shinin' like de cinders,
When dey see de painted beaux, sir,
Lord, how dar bosoms blush an' blows
sir,
Philadelfy gals, &c.

Up dey go, de 'licious wixens,
Lookin' in de shop for fixens,
Winkin' at de counter hoppers,
While dey count de silver coppers.
Philadelfy gals, &c.

Arkansas gals too proud to walk,
Ride hoss—get folks to help 'em talk,
Philadelfy gals can do de talkin'
When dey set dar jaw-bone walkin'.
Philadelfy gals, &c.

Arkansas gals dey wear long bon-
nets,
So dar lips de beaux can't come at ;
Philadelfy gals are short, like dis,
So you can get de square toed kiss.
Philadelfy gals, &c.

Gold pencils hang by strings ob satin,
Hang on de bosom full of padden,
Waist so thin it cut de wedder,
And waste 'em all away togedder.
Philadelfy gals, &c.

If you see dem eat dar dinners
Widout art-i-fish-al grinners,
Roast beef, de oyster flitters,
Wid dar mineral water bitters.
Philadelfy gals, &c.

A Life by the Gally Fire.

A life by the galley fire,
A home in de good old ship,
Whar de waves curl higher and higher
Like a nigger's under lip ;
Like a coon in a cage I pine,
While on the stan still shore,
Give me de pickle brine,
An' de black caboose once more.
A life by de, &c.

In de ole caboose I stan',
Among de fire an' pot,
An' dar I hab comman',
Of wittals smoking hot.
I sit and toast my skin,
An' work my old jaw bone,
An' when de storm begins,
I sing him dis yar tune,
A life by de, &c.

Wid a slice ob good fat ham,
Cooked brown as nigger's skin,
My wittals chest I cram,
And like a shark I grin ;
An' when eight bells hab struck
Away I go to roos',
An' sleep like a black sea duck
An' dream ob de ole caboose.

Oh ! bless that lubly Yallar Girl.

Oh ! bless dat lubly yallar gal,
Dat some folks call " Miss Dina,"
Oh ! pity me, ye niggars all,
An' tell where I can find her.
Oh ! now she's gone an' left me,
For fear that I might harm her ;
To day arter to-morrow,
She's gone to Albabama.

Her hair is like de shining silk,
She's fat an' round as 'rorus,
She feed upon good mush an' milk,
An' morus multicolorous.
Oh ! now she's gone an' left me,
My heart is filled wid sorrow ;
I'll find some oder yallar girl.
An' I'll marry her to-morrow.

ETHIOPIAN HARMONIST.

Rosa May.

Come darkies listen unto me,
A story I'll relate,
Which happened in a valley,
In Ole Carolina state;
All down among the meadows,
I used to mow the hay,
I always worked the harder,
When I thought of Rosa May.

Oh! dearest May, you're lovely as
the day,
You're eyes so bright, they shine
at night,

When the moon has gone away.

My master gave me holiday,
He said, he'd give me more,
I very kindly thanked him,
As I rowed my boat from shore,
Then down the river I did go,
With my heart so light and gay,
To the cottage of my own true love.
My dearest Rosa May.

We vowed to love each other long,
As we alone did stray,
And oft my merry banjo's song,
Was turned to Rosa May;
The white man with his spreading sails
Did bear my love away,
And now my broken heart bewails,
The loss of Rosa May.

I sat beneath the old oak tree,
I have sat for many an hour,
A watching of the humming birds,
That hopp'd from flower to flower;
I have seen my boat upon the river,
I leaped so light and gay,
But I never was so happy there,
As with my Rosa May.

Black-ey'd Susiannah.

I've been to the East, I've been to
the West,

I've been to Indiana,
There is no one there, or any where,
Like my charming Susiannah.

For she is black—that's a fact,
For she is black—that's a fact.
Spoken.—How do you know she
was black? Why—

I've been to the East, I've been to
the West,

I've been to ole Carolina,
Of all the girls that I lub best,
Is my black eyed Susiannah.

I once did lub a pretty gal,
A gal they call Miss Dinah,
She lives away down in the South,
Right down in ole Carolina.

I wrote a letter to my lub,
It was down in ole Carolina,
And eberv word that I did write,
Was my charming Susiannah.

There was a gal in New Orleans,
Her name it was Miss Dinah,
She stole dis nigger's heart away,
Right down in Alabrma.

Broken hearted den I feel,
I was shocked in such a manner,
I could not play de good ole tune—
Till I married 'usiannah.

Jolly Skiffsman.

His skiff is on de deep, I gaze on de
sea, (for me.
But not a daring skiffsman is steering
I rise at break of day, I quit my sad
pillow, (billow.

To look for my lubber o'er the blue
Tra, la, la, &c.

His skiff is on de deep, I gaze on de
sea, (to me;
But not a daring skiffsman is steering
And as his sail I seek, my song shall
be,

My dearest Sambo, I lub but dee.

His skiff has gain'd de shore, it grates
on de strand, (land;
I see my jolly skiffsman preparing to
My fears are now all o'er, I'll hasten
to meet him,

And with sweet smiles and warm
welcome greet him.

Tra la, la, &c.
His skiff has gain'd de shore, it grates
on de strand, (land;

I see my jolly skiffsman preparing to
And as his hand I press, my song it
shall be,

My dearest Sambo, I love but dee.

ETHIOPIAN HARMONIST.

Stop that knocking.

When I was in old Virginy, th-
place where I was born,
I used to set and watch the ladies
while hoeing of the corn;
I used to watch my Dinah, while
sitting down by her side,
And I only wish dat I could make
dat lubly gal my bride.

'Den who's dar? who's dar? who's
dar?

Now who's dat a knocking at the
door?

Is dat you, Sambo? Is dat you,
Sam?

Is dat you a knocking at the
door?

CHORUS:

'Let me in. Stop that knocking.

Let me in. Stop that knocking,

Let me in.

Or I'll never leave off knocking at
the door?

Oh you'd better stop that knocking
at the door?

The first time I saw my Dinah, I
shall ne'er forget dat day;

Says she, 'My dearest Sambo, what's
brought you down dis way?'

Says I, 'My lubly Dinah, I'll told you
what I cum here for,'

But at dat berry little moment some
nigger he knocked at de door.

'Den who's dar, &c.

Ole Aunt Sally.

Gwine down to New Orleans,

It was upon a lebby,

O' rolling up the cotton bales,

Because they are so hebby.

Dat's de place for duck-o-soup,

De overseer's a peepin',

He make de nigger's back smart,

If he coteh him sleepin',

A sleepin', a sleepin',

If he coteh him sleepin',

He make de nigger's back smart,

If he coteh him a sleepin',

Sally! Sally! my ole aunt Sally!

Ra, ree, ri, ro roun' de corner, Sally.

Sal an' I went out one day,

We got upon a landin',

De ole dog cam' by dat way,

An' foteh'd us up a standin'.

First a bark, and then a plunge,

I neber shall forgotton,

De dog went chaisein aunt Sal

Aroun' de field o' cottin,

O' cottin, o' cottin,

Around de field o' cottin,

De dog went chaisein' aunt Sal

Aroun' de field o' cottin,

Sally! Sally! my ole aunt Sally!

Ra, ree, ri, ro, roun' de corner sally

Up de hill, an' down de dale

He did'nt seem to mineher,

De dog's tail stuck out behind,

As he kipt up behine her;

He ran slap up agin' a stump,

An' found he was mistaken,

For Sal she jump'd on tudder side,

Lor, how her nerves were shaken!

A shaken, a shaken,

Lor, how her nerves were shaken!

For Sal she jump'd on tudder side,

Lor how her nerves were shaken!

Sally! Sally! my ole aunt Sally!

Ra, ree, ri, ro, roun' de corner, Sally

I gab her a bit ob my advice,

To hunt some udder login' ;

De dog kept gwine roun' de stump,

An' Sal she kept a dogin'!

She jump'd a rod or two aside,

You ought to see her bound it

An' if de dog ain't lost his breath,

He still is runnin' roun' it,

Aroun' it, aroun' it,

He still is runnin' roun' it.

An' if de dog ain't lost his breath,

He still is runnin' roun' it,

Sally! Sally! my ole aunt Sally,

Ra, ree, ri, ro, roun' de corner, Sally.

De blue tail fly.

I sing about de long tail blue,

So often you want som'thing new.

Wid your desire I'll now comply,

And sing about de blue tail fly.

Brush him with a briar, &c.

ETHIOPIAN HARMONIST.

When I was home, I us'd to wait
On massa—hand him round de plate,
I pass'd de bottle when he was dry.
And brush'd away de blue tail fly.

Brush him with a briar, &c.
Old massa ride in de arternoon,
I follow him with a kickeribroom,
De pony rear'd when he was dry,
And bitten by the blue tail fly.

Brush him with a briar, &c.
De pony jump'd, herear'd, he pitch'd
He tumbled massa in a ditch;
De wonder was he didn't die
When bitten by de blue tail fly.

Brush him with a briar, &c.
Dey bury him 'neath a simon tree—
His paragraph is dere you'll see,
Beneath the shade ho's forced to lie,
All by de means ob de blue tail fly.

Brush him with a briar, &c.
Old massa dead, so let him rest,
Dey say all tings is for de best;
I sha'n nebber forget to de day I die,
Old massa and de blue tail fly.

The Slave.

I had a dream, a happy dream;—
I thought that I was free:
That in my own bright land again
A home there was for me.
Savannah's tides dashed bravely on,

I saw wave roll o'er wave;
But when in full delight I woke,
I found myself a slave.

I never knew a mother's love,
Yet happy were my days,
For by my own dear father's side

I sang my simple lays,
He died—and heartless strangers
came,

Ere closed o'er him the grave;
They tore me weeping from his side,
And claimed me as their slave.

And this was in a Christian land,
Where men oft kneel and pray—
The vaunted home of liberty,

Where lash and chain hold sway,
O, give me back my Georgian cot—
It is not wealth I crave;

O, let me live in freedom's light,
Or die, if still a slave.

Dere he goes, dat's him.

When firs' by water I came here,
De gals dey make me feel so queer;
By callin' out wid such a leer,

'Dere he goes, dat's him,
Dere he goes, &c.,
Dat plays on de olé banjo.'

(Spoken.) An' so I do min' ye.

Ob course at firs' I was rayther shy,
An' blush bery much when dey pass
me by;

But at lengt' I learn to wink my eye,
When dey cry,

'Dere he goes,' &c.

(Spoken.)—Yes, you understan' I
tought it was no use seem discon-
certed at de pretty dears; an' as dey
seemed to like de colour ob my
counting-house, I was not a-goin' to
make a sillikin ob myself—de gals you
know, don't like a man what's shy,
so I put on de swell, an' come dis ere
kin' ob look when dey cry,

'Dere he goes,' &c.

Den I take a walk along the Stran',
Wid sebenteen rings upon my han';
When dey cry, as after me dey ran,

'Oh, dere he goes,' &c.

I calls a cab, an' says, 'Now go
Wid all your speed to de Casino;'
But de gals dey cry, as I shut de
door.

'Oh dere he goes,' &c.

I wen' one night to see de play;
Two nice young tings, dough a little
grey,
Point wid deir fans, an' I heard 'em
say,

'Oh! dere he goes,' &c.

(Spoken.)—Yes, de ole an' de young
an' de middle aged woman all, bote
sexes, am all alike. Dey only has to
look, to admire; an' when dey once
admire, de passion am sure to grow
too strong for dem, an' de only way
dey can relieve demselves, am by
uttering, in agonisin' tones—

'Oh! dere he goes,' &c.

I wen' to a party of fren's one night,
But didn't start home till de sun
shone bright;

When de females whisper, in a tone
so light.

'Oh! dere he goes,' &c.

I was rather sleepy, you may sup-
pose;
Didn't see de mud cart afore my nose,
An' splash wen' de dirt all ober my
clothes,

'Oh! dere he goes,' &c.

(Spoken.)—Yes all ober my beat
nankeen trousers—white, you under-
stan'—an' my waiscoat too; an' my
coat, an' my boots, an' my hat. I
should not a-minded my bad luck so

ETHIOPIAN HARMONIST.

much, if de women an' gals hadn't a
looked so sly, an' called out—
'Dere he goes,' &c.

In a steamboat once I take a ride,
Dr. ss'd better den dan any bride;
W..en a pretty gal close by my side,

(Spoken.)—Cry, in accents so soft,
an' interestin'

'Dere he is,' &c.

Tinkin' how pretty she did seem,
I silent stood like in a dream;
But oberbalanced in de stream.
'Oh! dere he goes,' &c.

(Spoken.)—Now, 'magine my awful
predic'ment; de gals, you understand,
saw me dressed out like a Ethiopian
gentleman, an' ob course dey bery
much admire me; but, after standin'
and lookin', for me to fall into de
water quite unconsciously by accident.
It was bery mortifyin'; for de women,
jus' as I fall overboard, cry out, while
dey laugh berry much,
'Dere he goes,' &c.

Dey drag me out by one of my feet.
Oh! for de gals dat was a treat,
As I was carried troo de street.
'Oh! dere he goes,' &c.

Late one night I got somehow,
An' in de street I kick up a row;
So to de station had to go.
'Dere he goes,' &c.

(Spoken.)—Oh! how de gals did
point dat time!

So many bentures I hab had,
Wonder hab not gone quite mad.
Neber was such a injured lad.

'But, dere he goes,' &c.
But music is de soul ob me;
I play ebery night, you plainly see,
An' hope you'll all delighted be
'Wid 'dere he goes,' &c.

(Spoken.)—But, recollect, I don't
only play de banjo; no by no means.
Dere is'nt a instrument on which I
am not perfec'. I was born playin'
de piccolo, and my father laugh so
much, he killed himself in de ac',
while my mother could only sob, in
excruciating accents,—
'Oh! dere he goes,' &c.

Sambo, catch dat flea.

Oh! Sambo, catch dat flea—
He's on young Dinal's brow.
All nigh he worried me
To smash, oh! knock him now.

Oh! gib to me yer hand—
I'll dab it on de spot,
Where de blackguard took him stand.
D'y'e feel the lump I've got.

Dat dam de dirty flea,
Ot berry great renown,
My moder brot to me,
When she last cum to town.
Sambo, hit him a poke.

To dine off me he tries.
Oh! goly; you miss de stroke;
He's hopp'd off to the skies.

When a little nigger child,
Ob bugs, an' fleas I heard,
How dey oft drove white folks wild,
Den flew'd off like a bird.
My broder cotch'd one here;
My farder smash'd him grand.
I tell you wid a tear,
He's biting my—you understand.

My fingers cotch'd dat thing;
Close round his neck dey bend;
No more you'll make a spring,
Or dine off me, old friend,
Ole flea, werry bad you behave;
Quite sore I feel de spot;
You'll have a watery grave,
For I'll drown you in de—

(W. S. Cotterell.)

Rose of Alabama!

Away from Mississippi vale,
Wid my ole hat for a sail;
I cross'd upon a cotton bale,
To rose ob Alabama,
I landed on de sandy bank,
I sat upon a holler plank,
An' dare I make the banjo twank,
To Rose ob Alabama.

Oh, dear Rosey,
Rose ob Alabama,
A sweet tobacco posey
Is rose ob Alabama.

O, Venus was a fine lady,
She never wore no stays, sir,
She followed all de nigger boys,
My Rosy nebber strays, sir.
She's lubly and she's tender, too,
Altho' she nebber wear a shoe,
Her skin's as black as any sloe,
Oh, Rose ob Alabama.
O, dear Rosy, &c.

She lubs this nigger berry much,
Does my darling Rosey;
Altho' the darkies laugh at me,
An' christen me Ole Nosey;
I'll lub her as I lub my life,
An' gladly make her be my wife—
An' happy lib an' ne'er hab strife,
Wid Rose ob Alabama.
O, dear Rosey, &c.

FELICIAN HARRISON

Dandy Jim of Caroline

Sung by Henry Russell

I heard old folks say of late,
South Carolina was a place
Where a dandy Jim of Caroline
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline
Yes, my old folks said to me
You're de handsome Nigger in de
country, eh?

I looked in de glass, it's true I am
None like Dandy Jim of Caroline

I dress myself in de way, but I am
As well bred Nigger, remember de
My hat what am call a little better
Canebrake couldn't find de better
I'm shure de better told me so
And de deuce is in it, I be did not know
De darning gals cry 'Nigger divine
Is dandy Jim of Caroline'

My pantaloons I wear de best,
A yaller fustian round my neck,
In my patent boots, Peg see her face,
And was fairly rooted to de place,
Indeed, Miss Peggy said to me,
Dere was no such wench in de country
oh!

Says she, 'I'm yours if you am mine,
Dear Dandy Jim of Caroline'

White beauty's but skin-deep alone,
De Nigger's go right into de bone,
She's fairly mine as you can see,
And her best stick out a shot behind,
For de shoe-maker told me so,
She's eighteen inches from de head to
de toe

She's forced by Nature to be fair,
Great Dandy Jim of Caroline

I marry her, and soon shall see
Elegant lady d' things to me,
De gals shall show, in form and face,
Mammy's beauty - daddy's grace,
My expectation tell me so,
We'll hab some and twenty little nigs
all in a row.

Boys and gals almost divine,
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

Ole Tars River

Sung by Henry Russell

Way down Caroline,
Where old Tars and Chowan run side
Dere I meet my little Nigger,
Dere we wander side by side
I go to Abbeville,
What for you stay you say?
I'll come back, my little Nigger,
Long before de spring break day
Like stars in de dark sky,
Light as any dew dew drop,
Virgin honey's not sweeter,
Than my little Nigger's love.

There's a Nigger in de country,
Who's de dandy Jim of Caroline,
He's de dandy Jim of Caroline,
He's de dandy Jim of Caroline

He's de dandy Jim of Caroline,
He's de dandy Jim of Caroline,
He's de dandy Jim of Caroline,
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